

Back to Farm Boys, Advice of Professor

BY DR. WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER,
Professor of the University of Kansas and an Authority on Social Problems.

For the tenderfoot city boy who feels the call to get out on the soil and try out his fortune there was perhaps never a greater opportunity. Farm help is going to be scarce everywhere, and the wages will be relatively good. In a vast agricultural territory stretching from say Columbus, O., to Salina, Kan., and from Oklahoma City to Fargo, N. D., there will be places for tens of thousands more agricultural helpers than the market will be able to supply.

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An Ideal Woman

Oh, little gods of the Fiction Writers,
Hear now the prayer of a "Gentle
Reverend!"

Send me—oh, send me—I pray three,
Just one novel
With a Real Woman for a heroine.

Not a grish, preaching little Pollyanna, eternally chaffing at the lack of a swagging, carnal Sybil Scarlett, with the vocabulary of a doughboy-driving, mud, and the manners of a barmaid.

Not a soulless scold, like Linda Conroy, nor a dried prune, like Mary Oliver.

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On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton

They all sang well.
But we couldn't understand
A word they sang all evening.
Usually we can grab a word
Here and there.

We saw many others who
Could not understand a word.
On the way out we stopped.
At the box office and asked:
"What language was that
Opera sung in, anyhow?"

And the man replied:
"It was sung in English."
"I'll wonder!"

Never since we entered the ministry have we been so tempted to use a bit of refined but forceful profanity as we were yesterday when a gentleman arrived at the office with a set of books we ordered back in ante-prohibition days and had forgotten all about and demanded a \$42 payment on them.

Oh, the things we bought in the olden days.
That have gone beyond recall.
In the rare old, fair old, golden days.
Which were not like these at all!

When every man was a millionaire,
And scattered wide his gold.
And the lowliest tank thought he owned a bank—
In the days of old.

Our butler, Cutteworth, tells us that the tradespeople who come to the door to deliver their chops and chutney and marrowbones are becoming exceedingly cocky about getting their money on delivery of the goods.

Our valet, Meadows, says the same of the shopkeepers from whom he purchases our shirting and cravats. Only yesterday our chauffeur, Tilghman, was obliged to let our limousine stand in front of a petrol filling station all day because the blighter in charge of the pump would not pump without the cash in hand.

Meeting one of our tradespeople on the highway today, we related these things to him and asked him what the tradespeople of our town are coming to. "The tradespeople are coming to their senses," he replied, which was jolly well said, if we do say so ourselves—haw-haw!

"What has become of the stuff we used to drink for chasers?" asks Joe Dunn. They are using it all in the Grade B milk these days.

Household Hints
BY MRS. MARY MORTON

Irish Stew—Two pounds forequarter of lamb, two quarts of boiling water, four tablespoons flour, four potatoes, one onion, one carrot, one white turnip, two teaspoons salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper.

And if the jumping Jack doesn't try to dance up and down in the middle of the apple pie and scare the piece of cheese so it goes and hides in the sugar bowl, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and Billie's jam.

Divided.
The inquisitive old lady standing beside the discharged but still uniformed soldier kept eyeing his red chevrons persistently.

"What division does that represent?" she asked.
"That, ma'am," replied the ex-soldier, "represents the division between me and the United States army."

Ham Biscuits—As with the cheese biscuits use one tablespoon less shortening than for plain biscuits. Add one-half cup minced ham to the dry ingredients and shorten and proceed as before.

Raisin Biscuits—To the recipe for plain biscuits add one tablespoon granulated sugar to the dry ingredients and one-half cup cleaned and chopped raisins to the mixed shortening and dry ingredients. Proceed as before.

Before marriage a woman primpes in the hope that she may meet her "Fate," but after marriage she dons her "glad rags" in the hope that she will meet her worst enemy.

HOBBY'S CHOICE.
"What does my little man want to buy today—candy?" asked the kindly shopkeeper, as the little boy entered.

"Glad to do," was the reply, "but I've got to buy soap."

Widow-Cisms
Love is the name of a thousand passions and emotions, from friendship to conceit, and from idolatry to vanity.

An engaged man has as many astonishing theories about marriage as a man who has been drawn for jury duty has about the law.

A man may amuse himself, listening to the humming of a cynical owl or the cackling of a silly goose—but he marries at the first call of a cooing dove.

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What's In a Name?

By Mildred Marshall

BESSIE.
"Bessie" is, of course, one of the favorites of Elizabeth, but so frequently is it given in baptism without any reference to its more proper antecedent that it has come to be regarded as a separate and distinct name.

Through its association with Elizabeth, it has its source in the old Hebrew name Elisabeth, and probably came to be evolved from the shortening of Elizabeth to Beth, whence Bess shortly followed. The first Bess on record is said to have been Elizabeth Woodville, whose mother, Jacquetta, of Luxembourg, imported it from Flanders.

Shakespeare's Edward IV. called her Bess and her daughter, Elizabeth of York, the queen. How Bessie, the pet name which told of the political courtship of Henry of Richmond, "Treaty Bessie," the granddaughter of Simon de Montfort in the old English ballad.

"Good Queen Bess" is too well known to need comment, but through her, Bess had incredible popularity in the English court, at least one out of every three young women bearing the name.

York was called "Lady Bessie" in dearest form of Bess, came to be spelled Bessie in not satisfactory explanation, unless it is the Scotch preference which gained vogue in England. Bessie is a favorite Scotch name, but Bessie, its equivalent, soon became popular in England and remains so.

The flame-haired ruby is Bessie's talismanic gem. It promises her courage, invincibility and long life. Sunday is her lucky day and her lucky number. The Lily, signifying purity, is her flower.

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News-Sentinel.

Note to readers: Is there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history, its meaning, its derivation and significance? Send your queries to Mildred Marshall and she will try to answer them.

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Why Do Boys Prefer Old-Fashioned Girls?

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Why do you always say that boys like a good old-fashioned girl? You know that it is not true, and I would be ashamed to make such an assertion. I am popular and I admit that I hug and kiss the boys.

Popularity is fleeting and I would rather be loved by one man and respected by others, than to lead a so-called "latter-day" existence and amount to little or nothing. I do not mean to be rude, but I am afraid that this is where you are mistaken. I have a girl who loves a girl who has been too free with her "hugs and kisses," and sometimes with my "latter-day" existence, and I have a girl who is old-fashioned and keeps her self-respect. I am looking for a better than a dozen if he is the right kind and his intentions are serious.

As a Woman Thinks
BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.
ADDED TO DISAGREE.

There was a family row going on. The air seemed to be charged. The very young wife and mother was found, by scoring her nose and cheeks, and the sister, who was a typical fun-loving American girl with a free athletic air about her and very modern views about freedom for women and careers, had committed the unpardonable sin of smoking a cigarette.

Upon being unbraided for her act, she asked her sister, "Doesn't your husband smoke?" "Do you think any less of him because he smokes and all day long or a cigar after dinner?" "No, of course not," was the indignant reply.

"Well, do you think any less of me?" "Am I any worse now than before I smoked, or am I any worse than he is?" "Yes, he's a man and it's different."

"Do you mean to tell me," the erring one asked in amazed tones, "that you believe in a double standard for men and women?" "Why, of course," rejoined the young wife with equal amazement.

Then the cross-examination ended for the older sister threw up her hands in disgust and left the room and the young wife sighed with a resigned air and wondered where her sister got those "frank ideas."

These two young women represent the two main factions into which women are dividing today. There are those who refuse to face facts, but rather continue to live along without questioning in any way the old order of things. Then there are those who question everything and would break down all of the old rules and regulations and try to throw out all of the old conventions.

The two factions should get together and they would probably find that both are partially right. Surely the very modern woman is right who believes that if a thing is morally wrong both for woman and man and that neither should be guilty of it. Surely she is right to uphold a single standard. Her single standard is right, but she should be what any of her conservative sisters think it is, however. The single standard is not and should not be what any of her conservative sisters think it is, however.

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UNCLE WIGGLY AND JOHNNIE'S JOGGIFY.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Where is it? Has anybody seen it?" chuckled Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, one day as he went skipping around the house.

"What are you looking for, your cap?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. Uncle Wiggly's muskrat lady house-keeper.

"No'm, if you please, not my cap this time," answered Johnnie. "I want my joggify."

"Your joggify? What in the world is that?" asked Nurse Fuzzy Wuzzy, putting on his silk hat, to get ready to go look for an adventure.

"My joggify is my joggify," answered Johnnie. "It's a book about the world with maps in, an' an' it tells you where things grow, an' what countries are, but an' which are cold an' hot, and how to get to a place when you don't know where it is an' all that. I want my joggify."

"Oh, he means his geography," laughed Uncle Wiggly. "I thought it was something like a jumping Jack that he meant. But why do you want a schoolbook geography on Saturday when the lady house-keeper hears no lessons?" asked the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"Oh, I'm going over to Sammie Littlebell's house," answered Johnnie. "Billie's gone over there with his spelling book. And I want my joggify. We're going to play school, Billy Wagtail, the goat, he's going, and I mean the teacher. We're going to have lots of fun."

"Well, the idea!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. "I thought your joggify was your scarf, or something like that! Think of playing school on Saturday, when there isn't any!"

"Well, you and I used to do the same when we were young," laughed Uncle Wiggly who, with the muskrat lady, was staying for a while at the Bushytail squirrel house, since the hollow stump bungalow of Mr. Longears had burned.

"Has anyone seen my joggify, please?" asked Johnnie, upsetting his mother's sewing basket as he looked for his missing book.

"Here it is, where you and Billie had it last night, making believe it was a fort when you played the war game with your pop guns," said Uncle Wiggly, as he pulled the "joggify" out from under the sofa.

"Now I'll run over and play school, and we'll have fun," said Johnnie, as he thanked the rabbit gentleman and scampered over the fields and through the woods.

"I'll come over after a while, and see if you boys know your lessons," called Uncle Wiggly, jolly like.

"All right," answered Johnnie. The squirrel boy was soon almost at Sammie Littlebell's house, carrying his book under his paw, when, all at once, out from behind a sassafras bush, that would soon begin growing green, popped the bad old Bazumpus.

"Now the Bazumpus is worse than the Pipseswah or the Skeezicks, and Johnnie knew this.

"Oh, ho! There you are," growled the Bazumpus at Johnnie. "I was just waiting for some one to come along to tell me."

"Tell you what?" Johnnie wanted to know.

"Tell me where Uncle Longears lives," growled the Bazumpus, as he very good sense on his ears and I want some. But I do not know just where he lives, though, I am sure it is somewhere around here."